

"Hey, remember when I wouldn't go out with you in eighth grade because you tried to french me at Shirley Willoughby's house? I was worried about my reputation."

"You were probably wise. My tongue was wanted in a dozen states for various atrocities."

"Look," she said, "if you want to come over tonight there won't be anybody home after say 11:00. Ted's working graveyard."

"I can't. I'd like to but I can't. I'm leaving for L.A. tonight." She nodded, gave a little tug at her wig.

"Well," she said, "I wish I was."

#### MY GRANDMOTHER

was always old so when I saw her at the nursing home she just seemed more faint.

She was balsa in a white gown, stained at the center. She called me Bill and my father answered.

When she slept she moved her feet like a lifer. Awake, she roamed the past, a historian.

My father and I looked at each other, shook our heads, watched t.v.

It was football season; the game was half done. On the field in Stetsons and tasseled boots cowgirls from Dallas showed their silken crotches to the world.

Going home we were on a two-lane suicide road. He was driving fast through dark as thick as earth. "That wasn't her," he said putting his right hand over his heart like a man at a parade.